

To Prof. Carl Hohnstock.

A SELECTION OF BEAUTIFUL

GERMAN SONGS.

Arranged and adapted to

ENGLISH WORDS

BY

C. EVEREST.

- | | | | |
|------------------------------------|-------------|------------------------------------|----------|
| 1. GO MY ROSE..... | HIMMEL. | 2. IN LOVELY MONTH OF MAY..... | KÜCKEN. |
| 3. I SAW A ROSE..... | REICHARDT. | 4. DEAREST NATIVE LAND..... | PROCH. |
| 5. JUST FROM THE BUD UNFOLDED..... | KÜCKEN. | 6. OH WERE I BUT A GENTLE RAY..... | KÜCKEN. |
| 7. HEIMWEH...HOME-DESIRE..... | A. JUNGMAN. | 8. THE MAID OF THE RHINE..... | SILCHER. |
| 9. I SAT ON THE BROW..... | PRESSEL. | 10. FONDLY I THINK OF THEE..... | KREBS. |
| 11. SING MY CHILD..... | WARLAMOFF. | 12. AH TAKE ME NOW..... | ABT. |
| 13. | | 14. | |
| 15. | | 16. | |
| 17. | | 18. | |
| 19. | | 20. | |
| 21. | | 22. | |
| 23. | | 24. | |

Philadelphia - LEE & WALKER - 722 Chestnut St.

H. B. EVEREST.

1860
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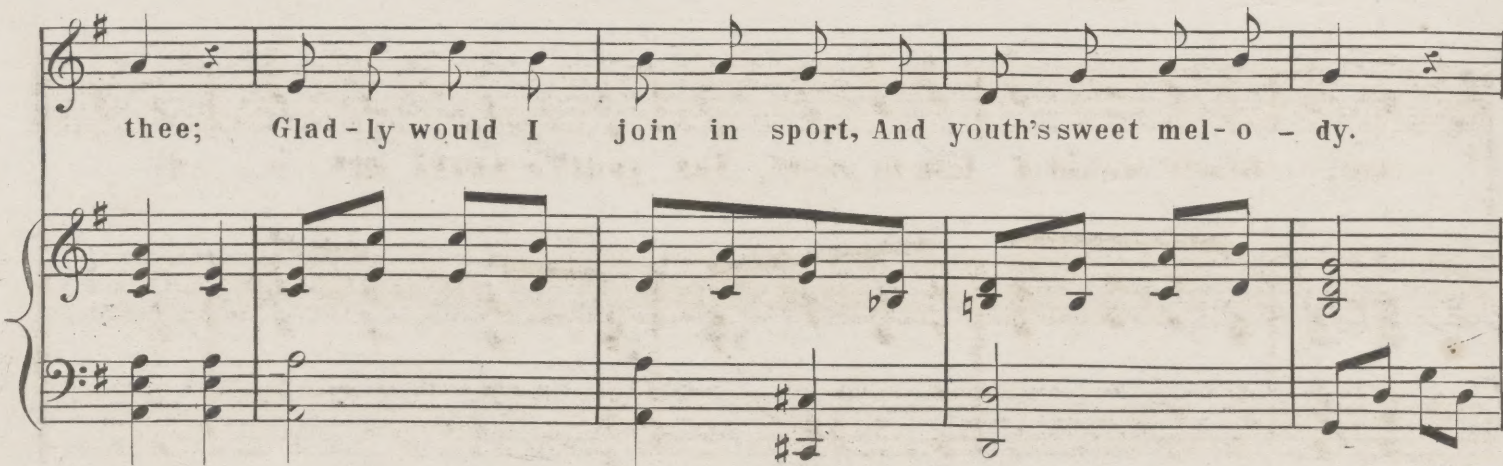
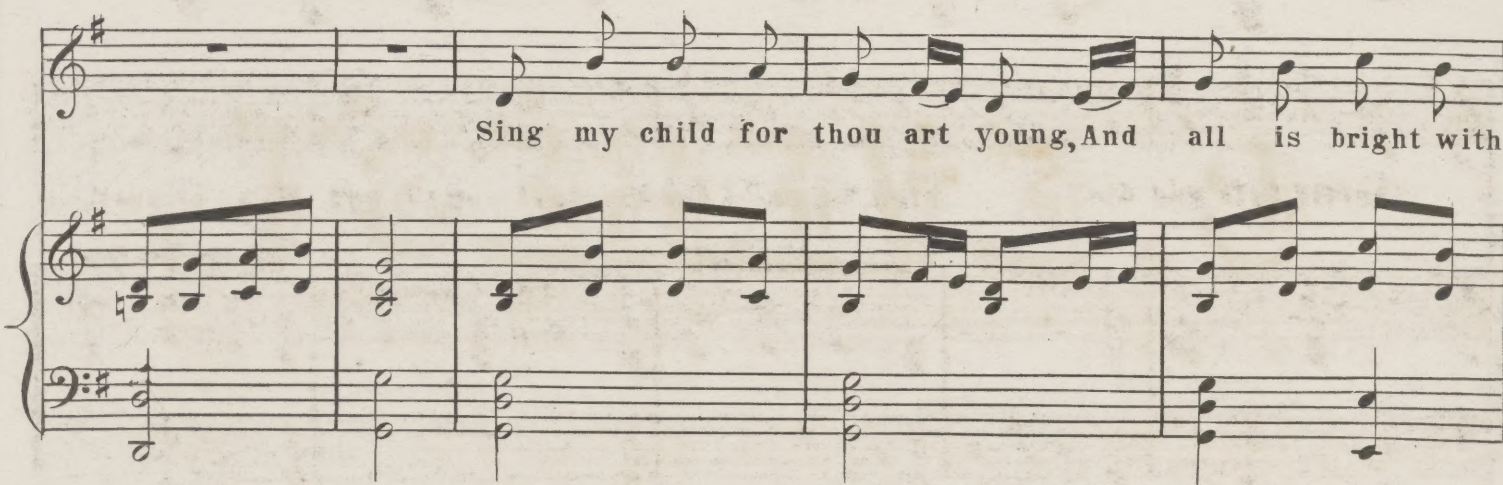
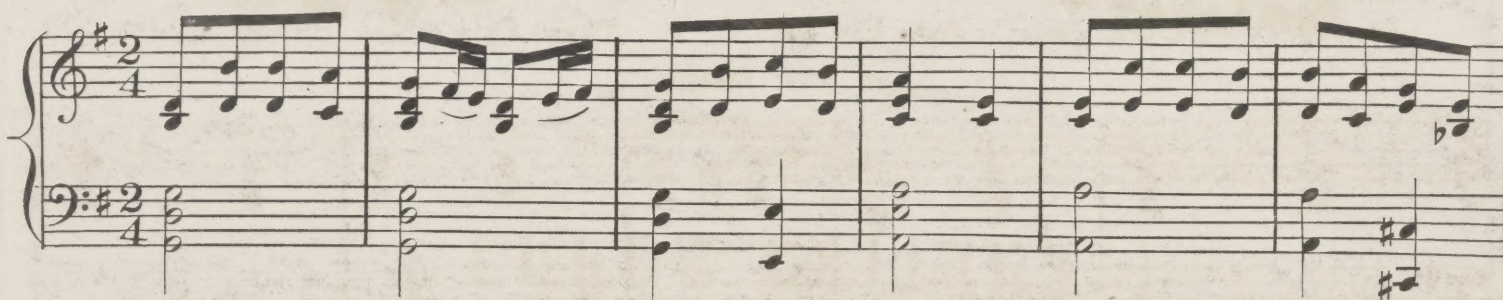
SING MY CHILD.

DER ROTHE SARAFAN.

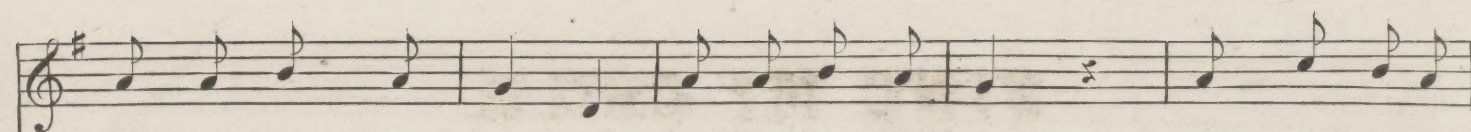
ENGLISH WORDS BY C. EVEREST.

MELODY BY WARLAMOFF.

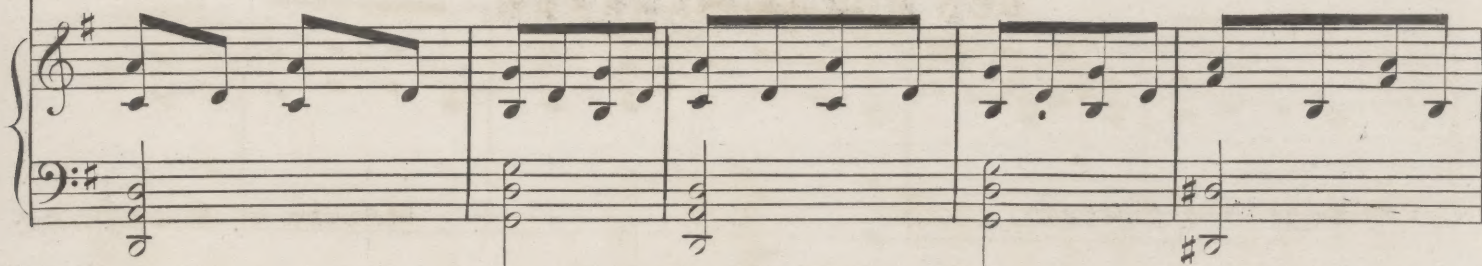
GERMAN SONGS N^o 11.



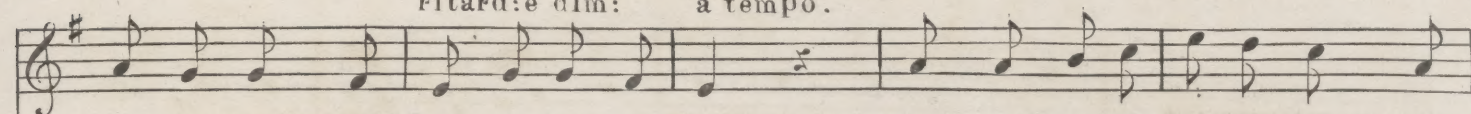
Entered according to Act of Congress A.D. 1860 by H. G. Everest in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Eastern district of Pa.



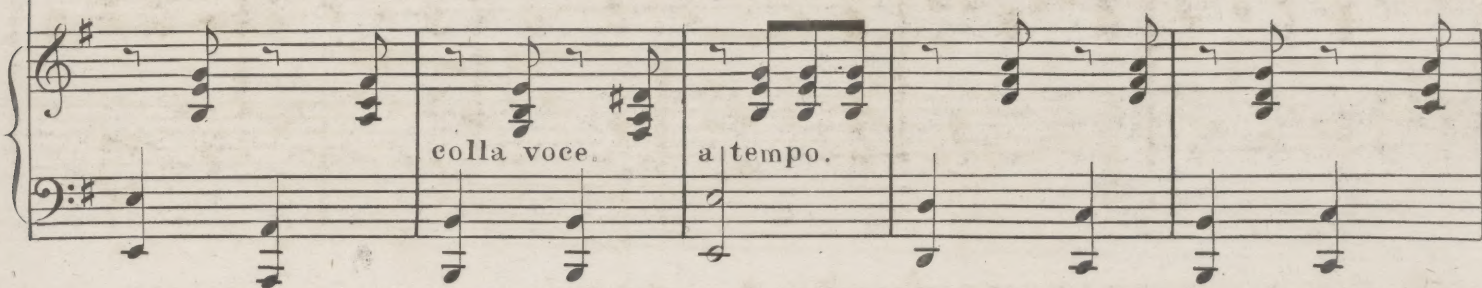
Time will change thee dear one, And thy years will fly; Those fair roses



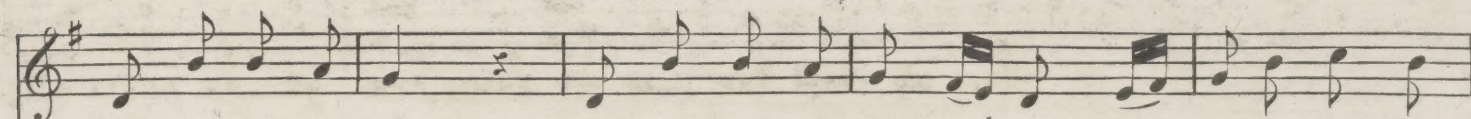
ritard: e dim: a tempo.



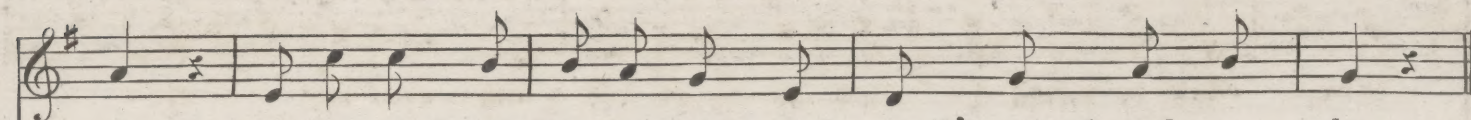
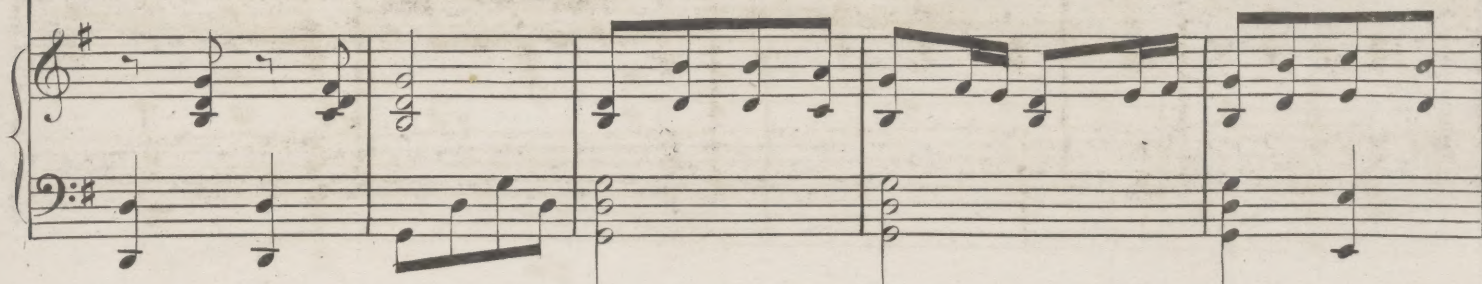
on thy cheeks, Will shortly fade and die. Those fair roses on thy cheeks Will



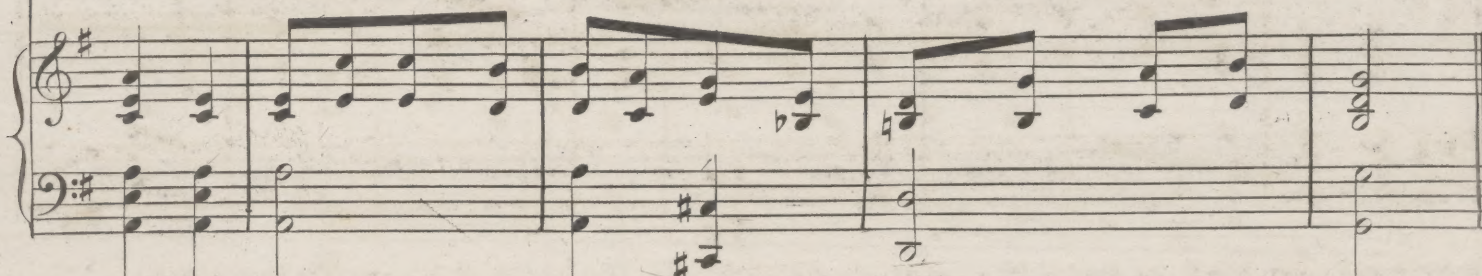
colla voce a tempo.



shortly fade and die. Sing my child for thou art young, and all is bright with



thee; Gladly would I join in sport, And youth's sweet mel - o - - dy.



Sing my child thy hap-py song, And car-ol in thy

glee; Youth and glad-ness will not stay, For child-hood's days will

flee. I too sang in glad-ness, But my heart is

ritard: e dim:

cold; For my song has died a - way And now I'm frail and

colla voce.

a tempo.

old. For my song has died a - way, And now I'm frail and

a tempo.

old. Sing my child thy hap - py song, And ca - rol in thy glee;

Youth and glad - ness will not stay, For child-hood's days will flee.

